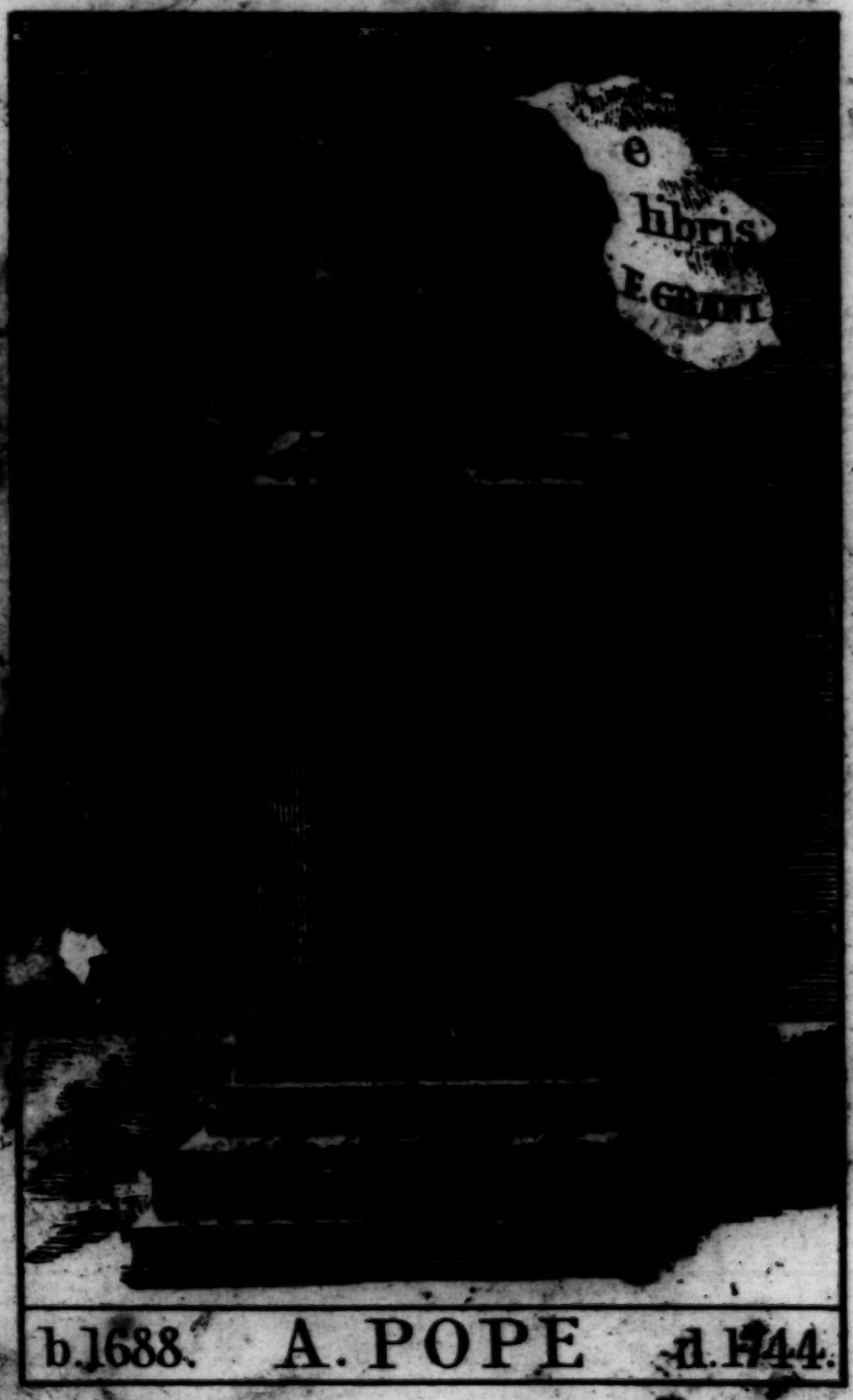

b.1688. A. POPE d.1744.

ALEXAN
POPE

THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

His Juvenile Poems; Translations and Imitations.

EDINBURGH:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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PREFACE.

I Am inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy that the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſſed upon Poems. A Critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a well meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation.*— But the Author altered

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read them.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad author deſerves better uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may ad-

it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which he has now inſerted.

mit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time, to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents, and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of ſenſe) his living thus in a courſe of flattery, may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence, as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can

ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its

ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about Fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore: ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Trifles by Prefaces, biaſſed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected, becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed, becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Antients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more compleat pieces. They conſtantly

applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for Poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Though if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope, is but to be read in one Iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us, is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Antients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay, our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Antients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs, that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no

means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live: One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what Critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe Authors, who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole Poem, and *vice verſa* a whole Poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned: but for what I have burned, I deſerve be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immo-

ral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a teſtimony that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that it is what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known, that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes, without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth

which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a caſe of compaſſion. That I was never ſo concerned about my works, as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended. That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language, or, when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a *Memento mori* to ſome of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.

AFTER pag. iv. l. 24. it followed thus — For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet uſque* (*minus via lædet.*) 'Tis a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt

productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the find colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials and ſad experience have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct: beſides that is was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. vi. l. 27. In the firſt place, I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces: That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and by my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches

or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleaſing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his *Poems.*

By His GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and buſ'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt adven'trous Rovers of the Pen;
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatyric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth deſam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, ſcarce could make me ſing;

Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all deſert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Paſtorals*.

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert his due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laborioufly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:

Such as by Nature to the Antients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral.
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe,
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With Virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem,
Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windſor-Foreſt.*

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and paved the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage:
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.

Nor ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſts chear,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the Reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſarts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſarts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe *Atlantic* ſhores,
And ſhelter me in *Windſor's* fragrant bow'rs;

Or to my much-lov'd *Iſis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where ſacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addiſon* inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd Line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheaſant lie?
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by;
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly

O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames!* forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a-while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Iſle;
A while diſtinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one:
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old aſſembled in the *Theſpian* ſhades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftieſt notes employ,
"To ſing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
The wond'rous ſong with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal:
"Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
"I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which unobſerv'd a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
"Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
"And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
"From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
"But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
"Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
"And the white Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
"Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
"And the Tranſlator's palm to me transfer.
"With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
"The world will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays.
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour muſt the lines require?
What Muſic tune them, what Affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine;
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine:
The brighteſt Antients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:
On ſilver feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair?
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces ſtand in fight; a Satire train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldeſt wits,
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures, ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th'alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his antient heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the Majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,

When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires.
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſts meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;

Ev'n here I ſing, when POPE ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals; ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.

If aught on earth, when once his breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear rejoice! his hand thy page refines:
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tours o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heaven, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as thy ſtorm the numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing,

How long that Hero *, by unſkilful hands,
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt;
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
  Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy Friendſhip's Fame.
  This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing.
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend:
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,

* Odyſſy, lib. xvi.

And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE.

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhows him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.

But hark, what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of Majeſty.

But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;

Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that meet his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The GRACES theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.
The chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Antient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane;
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The dark'ned ages laſt remaining light!

To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of antient Wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From Tyrants, and from Prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of reaſon, and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where chear'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unaſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
  Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her antient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
  Illuſtrious Names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe Chiefs ſublimely prais'd!

Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With Ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe:
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his Maſter bear:
Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were the taſk, to raiſe
A laſting Column to thy Country's Praiſe,
To ſing the Land, which yet alone can boaſt
That Liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's ſhade.

Such was the Theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the People whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.
If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praiſe.

GEORGE LYTTLETON.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

Diſcourſe on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! VIRG.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are called Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem; and it is my deſign to comprize in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt antient ſort of poetry was probably *paſtoral* †. It is natural to imagine,

* Written at ſixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Diſc. on Paſtorals.

that the leiſure of thoſe antient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts and expreſſions, are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an Eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this Idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of

* Heinſius in Theocr.

† Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2.

what they call the golden age. So that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, ſo far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life, and an air of piety to the Gods ſhould ſhine through the Poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preſerve ſome reliſh of the old way of writing; the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort *, and the periods conciſe. Yet it is not ſufficient, that the ſentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue ſhould be ſo too. For we cannot ſuppoſe Poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make thoſe compoſures natural, than when ſome knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered †. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity, from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of Poetry proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of that buſineſs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

* Rapin, Reflex. ſur l'Art. Poet. d'Ariſt. p. 2. Refl. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a Paſtoral delightful: and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries *. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety †. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing, imaginable.

It is by rules like thoſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

* Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals.

† See the forementioned Preface.

Theocritus excells all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers * and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup in the firſt Paſtoral is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective; for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe antients their

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ Idyl. xxi.

† Rapin Reſl. on Ariſt. part. ii. Reſl. xxvii. — Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo, in his Aminta, has far excelled all the Paſtoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the antients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the antients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; tho' notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: That in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places pro-

per to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;

Theſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſſed through the hands of Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville* afterwards Lord *Lanſdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All theſe gave our Author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walſh*, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt Critic of his age. "The "Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a particular genius for "this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his "years. He has taken very freely from the Antients. But "what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior "to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to "ſay that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his Age. His "Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr.* 1705. The Lord Lanſdown about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed Letter of

Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.

You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!

the Character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has "begun in the Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we "may hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the Roman," *&c.* Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walſh* about this time, we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any *Engliſh* poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendſhip with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years: he was under ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

VER. 1. Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in imitation of the ſixth of *Virgil*, which ſome have therefore not improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſly thoſe which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spencer*, *Virgil*, *Theocritus*.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)—
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beach diſplays,—
Daphnis, the Muſic of the murm'ring Spring,—

manifeſtly imitations of

—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
—Tityre, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
—Ἆδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς αἰπόλε, τήνα.

O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

VER. 12. *in your native ſhades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windſor-foreſt, to which he retired, after he had reſigned the poſt of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, *etc.* The Scene of this Paſtoral, a Valley; the Time, the Morning. It ſtood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the ſhades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gild's the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rowling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring.

VER. 34. The firſt reading was,
And his own image from the bank ſurveys.

VER. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines:

VER. 35, 36.
Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos. Virg.

VER. 38. *The various ſeaſons*] The ſubject of theſe Paſtorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's heſitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil.

Et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

VER. 41. *Then ſing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camœnæ:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.

Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckens from the plain,
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

VER. 46. *Granville* —] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdown, known for his poems, moſt of which he compoſed very young, and propoſed Waller as his model.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg. — Paſcite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam ſpargat arenam.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let thy numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian ſtatue ſhall be chang'd to gold.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,

Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri.

VER. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple Wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, *etc.* P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MSS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties ſhow:
Then die; and dying teach the lovely maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong:
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The Sun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

VER. 69, *etc.* Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flow'rs ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]

Aret ager, vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba, etc.
Phylidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit. Virg.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excell;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lilly yields,*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina *Regum*
Nascantur *Flores*, et Phyllida solus habeto.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

SUMMER:

THE

SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

ALEXIS.

To Dr. Garth.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,

Ver. 3. The Scene of this Paſtoral, by the river's ſide; ſuitable to the heat of the ſeaſon, the time Noon.

Ver. 1, 2. 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition:

A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant foreſts, and thro' flow'ry meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

The Naïds wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O GARTH, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams.
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?

VER. 8. *And Jove conſented*]

Jupiter et læto deſcendit plurimus imbri. Virg.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Diſpenſary, was one of the firſt friends of the Author, whoſe acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendſhip continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I ſing.*]

Non canimus ſurdis, reſpondent omnia ſylvæ. Virg.

VER. 16. *The woods ſhall anſwer and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenſer's Epithalamion.

VER. 23. *Where ſtray ye Muſes, etc.*]

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ

In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince theſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:

Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.
Virg. out of Theocr.

VER. 27.
Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, *etc.*

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare; non ego Daphnin,
Judice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallit imago.

VER. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenſer in his Eclogues, where his Miſtreſs is celebrated under that of Roſalinda.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis

He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong;
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join?
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſhades appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, lovely Nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;

Fiſtula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.

VER. 60. *Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.*]
Habitarent Di quoque ſylvas — Virg.
Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem.

When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

VER. 79, 80.

Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heav'n ſhall bear,
And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written. But the author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity which *Spenſer* himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

VER. 80. *And winds ſhall waft, etc.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Virg.

To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods! etc.*]
Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori? Idem.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

AUTUMN.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;

This Paſtoral conſiſts of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time, at Sun-ſet.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr. Wycherley a famous author of Comedies; of which the moſt celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite ſpirit, ſatire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the ſame way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctneſs.

Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her, the lymes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her the lillies hang their heads, and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all, but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe!

Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, e're I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep, to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! — Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!

VER. 37. Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 43, *etc.*
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine; quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo. Ecl. v.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.
With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread the eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

VER. 52. An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt? Id. viii.

Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſt the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt God's! ſhall all things yield returns but love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep.
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.

What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
  Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world, — but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
  Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
  Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

Ver. 89. Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor; duris in cotibus illum, etc.

WINTER.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.

Mrs. Tempeſt.] This Lady was of an antient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walſh, who, having celebrated her in a Paſtoral Elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9. 1706. "Your laſt Eclogue being on the ſame ſubject "with mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very "kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the me-"mory of the ſame Lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The ſcene of the Paſtoral lies in a grove, the time, at midnight.

VER. 1. *Thyrſis, the muſic, etc.*]

Ἆδύ τι, *etc.* Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames hear'd the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*

Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros. Virg.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras —
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen.

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MSS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold the clouds have *put their Mourning on.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid air ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,

VER. 69, 70. miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibuſque videt nubes et ſydera Daphnis. Virg.

In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VER. 81. illius aram
Sæpe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
While vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe ſhall *never end*.

VER. 86. ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra. Virg.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]
Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenſer's Calendar.

VER. 89. *etc.*] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them, particularized before in each.

MESSIAH.

A

Sacred ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

Advertiſement.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretell the coming of Chriſt, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurprizing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline propheſy on the ſame Subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation. P.

MESSIAH.

A

Sacred ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

VER. 8. *A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras —
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of *Saturn* re-
"turns, now a new progeny is ſent down from high heaven.
"By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain,
"ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual
"fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of
"his Father."

From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Ætherial ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye † Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and antient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning ‖ Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See ** lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See noding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive "and bear a Son. — Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is "born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the "increaſe of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be "no end: Upon the throne of *David*, and upon his kingdom, "to order and to ſtabliſh it, with judgment and with juſtice, for "ever and ever."

VER. 23. *See Nature haſtes, etc.*]
Virg. Ec. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,

* Iſai. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
‖ Ch. ix. ver. 7. ** Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desart chears;
Prepare the * way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, "produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*, "and *Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle shall pour "forth pleasing flowers about thee."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "The wilderness and the soli-"tary place shall be glad, and the desart shall rejoice and "blossom as the rose." Ch. lx. ver. 13. "The glory of "*Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, "and the box together, to beautify the place of thy san-"ctuary."

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, etc.*]
Virg. E. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum. —
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera Jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

E. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws "nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of "*Jove!* The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to "the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, "A God, a God!"

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth "in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make "strait in the desart a high way for our God! Every valley

* Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold:
Hear * him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe,
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In † adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ‡ ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd ‖ father of the future age.
No more ſhall ** nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

" ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made " low, and the crooked ſhall be made ſtrait, and the rough " places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. " Break forth into ſing- " ing, ye mountains! O foreſt, and every tree therein! for " the Lord hath redeemed *Iſrael*."

* Ch. xlii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. † Ch. xxv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11. ‖ Ch. ix. ver. 6. ** Ch. ii. ver. 4.

Nor fields with gleaning ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
and the broad faulcion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful * Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren † deſarts with ſurprize
See lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte, ſandy ‡ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.

VER. 67. *The ſwain in barren deſarts*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

"The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red "grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks "ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground ſhall be-"come a pool, and the thirſty land ſprings of water: In the "habitations where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds and "ruſhes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come "up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the briar ſhall come up the "myrtle-tree."

* Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. † Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.
‡ Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

The * lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead!
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs † ſerpents lick the pilgrims feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet. —

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended with "milk: nor ſhall the herds be afraid of the greateſt lions. "The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals poiſon ſhall "die."

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 16. *etc.* "The wolf ſhall dwell with "the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid, and "the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a "little child ſhall lead them. — And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw "like the ox. An the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of "the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den of "the cockatrice."

VER. 85. *Riſe crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!*]
The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt part of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
—toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur omnia ſæclo! etc.

* Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. † Ch. lxv. ver. 25. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 1.

See, a long * race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thrcng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of ‡ Sabean ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ‖ Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ** ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm forever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited.

* Ch. lx. ver. 4. † Ch. lx. ver. 3. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 6.
‖ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20. ** Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ *Vari* preſcripſit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injucundum : Te nobis, Pan, myrice,
Te Pinus omne canit : nec Pinebo gratior ulla est,
Quam tibi quæ Pan præcipuè pegma nemus.

VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muſes bring,
What Muſe for GRANVILLE can refuſe to ſing!
The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;

This Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed.

VER. 3. *etc.* Originally thus,

Chaſte Goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naïads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
Unlock your ſprings —

VER. 6. neget quis carmina Gallo? Virg.

Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades,
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſart fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' Gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here bluſhing Flora paints the enamel'd ground,

VER. 25. Originally thus;

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While thro' freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a STEWART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſart, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves,)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind Seaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.

VER. 45. *ſavage laws.*] The Foreſt Laws.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man)

VER. 57, *etc.*

No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain —
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word ſavages is not properly applied to beaſts, but to men; which occaſioned the alteration.

Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their ſanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man, who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer and at once the prey:

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd, etc.*] Alluding to the deſtruction made in the New Foreſt, and the Tyrannies exerciſed there by William I.

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,*
From men their cities, and from Gods their ſanes:]
Tranſlated from,
Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
an old monkiſh writer, I forget who.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill. *etc.*
The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
and ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;

VER. 89. Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma. Virg.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds *,
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and ev'ning pleaſures yields.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to deſcribe the ſeaſon by a circumſtance not proper to our climate, the vintage.

But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining p'umes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's sight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

VER. 115. nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis insula texit. Virg.

With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pykes the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſuround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the op'ning hound.

VER. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the naked groves.
VER. 129. The Fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.
VER. 134. Præcipites altâ vitam ſub nube relinquunt.

Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And e'er he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh thro' the thickets, down the vallies ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſer's heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a QUEEN;
Whoſe care, like her's protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor's ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courſer, etc.*] Tranſlated from Statius,

Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent, and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;

VER. 175.

Nec poſitu variare comas; ubi fibula veſtem,
Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 185, 187.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
Ut ſolet accipiter trepidus agitare columbas. Ovid.

VER. 192, 195.

Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
Ante pedes umbram: niſi ſi timor illa videbat.
Sed certe ſonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah Cynthia! ah — tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades — there weep, and murmur there.
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft, ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies,
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The wat'ry landſkip of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green,
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
Thou too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glaſs, etc.*] Theſe ſix lines were added after the firſt writing of this poem.

Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
No Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to the ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs;
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

VER. 233 It ſtood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Ulympus, *etc.*

VER 235.

Happy the man, who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe.

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes and ſurrounding greens.
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on COOPER'S HILL.
(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow)
I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By God-like Poets venerable made:

VER. 251, 252. Servare modum finemque tenere,
Naturamque ſequi, Lucr.

VER. 261. O qui me gelidis, *etc.* Virg.

VER. 267. It ſtood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing thro' the grove:
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade
By God-like Poets venerable made.

Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where COWLEY ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.

VER. 272. *There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertſey, on the borders of the foreſt, and was from thence convey'd to Weſtminſter.

VER. 275.

What ſighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more.

VER. 290. *her ſilver ſtar.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe,

My humble Muſe in unambitious ſtrains
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains;

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lillies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

VER. 292. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn,
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and un-inſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great ANNA ſaid—"Let Diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI.

VER. 314. *Once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:*] Edward IV.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurſt! oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion ſhed!
Gods! what new wounds, &c.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.

'Till Anna roſe and bade the Furies ceaſe;
Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was *Peace*:

Between Verſe 328 and 329, originally ſtood theſe lines:

From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Tame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalkey Way, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
  High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.

With ſparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dreſt,
The tributes of the diſtant Eaſt and Weſt.

Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'n-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall die with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending Villa's on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide.
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boaſt her Tow'rs amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpacious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

VER. 378. *And Temples riſe,*] The fifty new Churches.

I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty Nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant States be ſeen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods,
Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.

VER. 385, &c. were originally thus:

Now ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day,
Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy ſeas, &c.

Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Maxico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light;
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,

VER. 419. Quo, Muſa, tendis? deſine pervicax.
Referre ſermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis. HOR.

Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

ODE

ON

St. CECILIA's DAY.

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

PIECES OF MUSIC

PERFORMED

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY

IN

ODE

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

I

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial Muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their Iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;

By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move!
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,

For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire:
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUS'S TO THE Tragedy of BRUTUS*.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and myſtic Song:

* Altered from Shakeſpear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire thoſe two Chorus's were compoſed to ſupply as many wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe, P.

To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore;
See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
'Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land?

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds,

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why Nature doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the God's approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.

But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation:
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone,
Tell where I lie.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

ODE.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame:
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bleſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

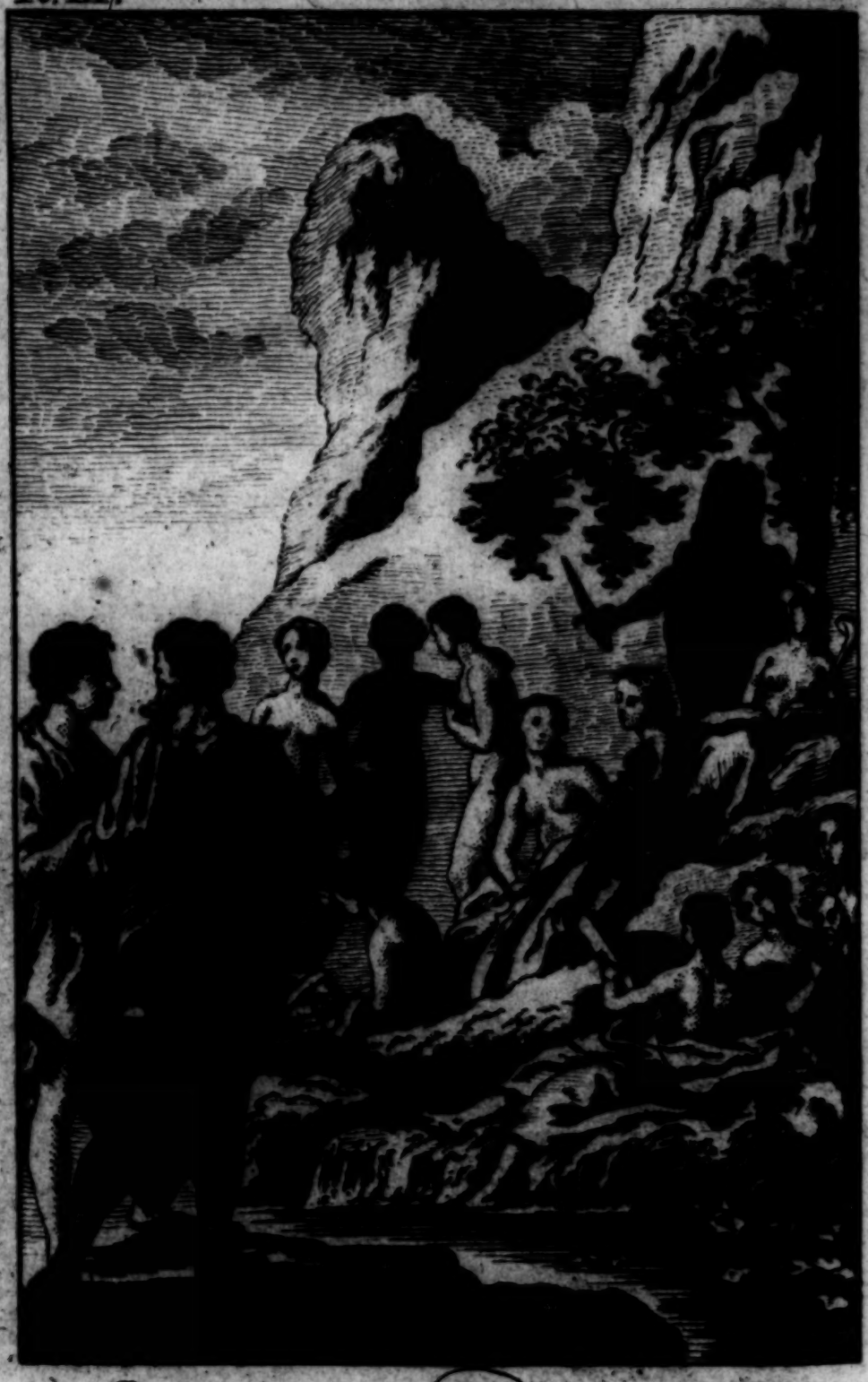
II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

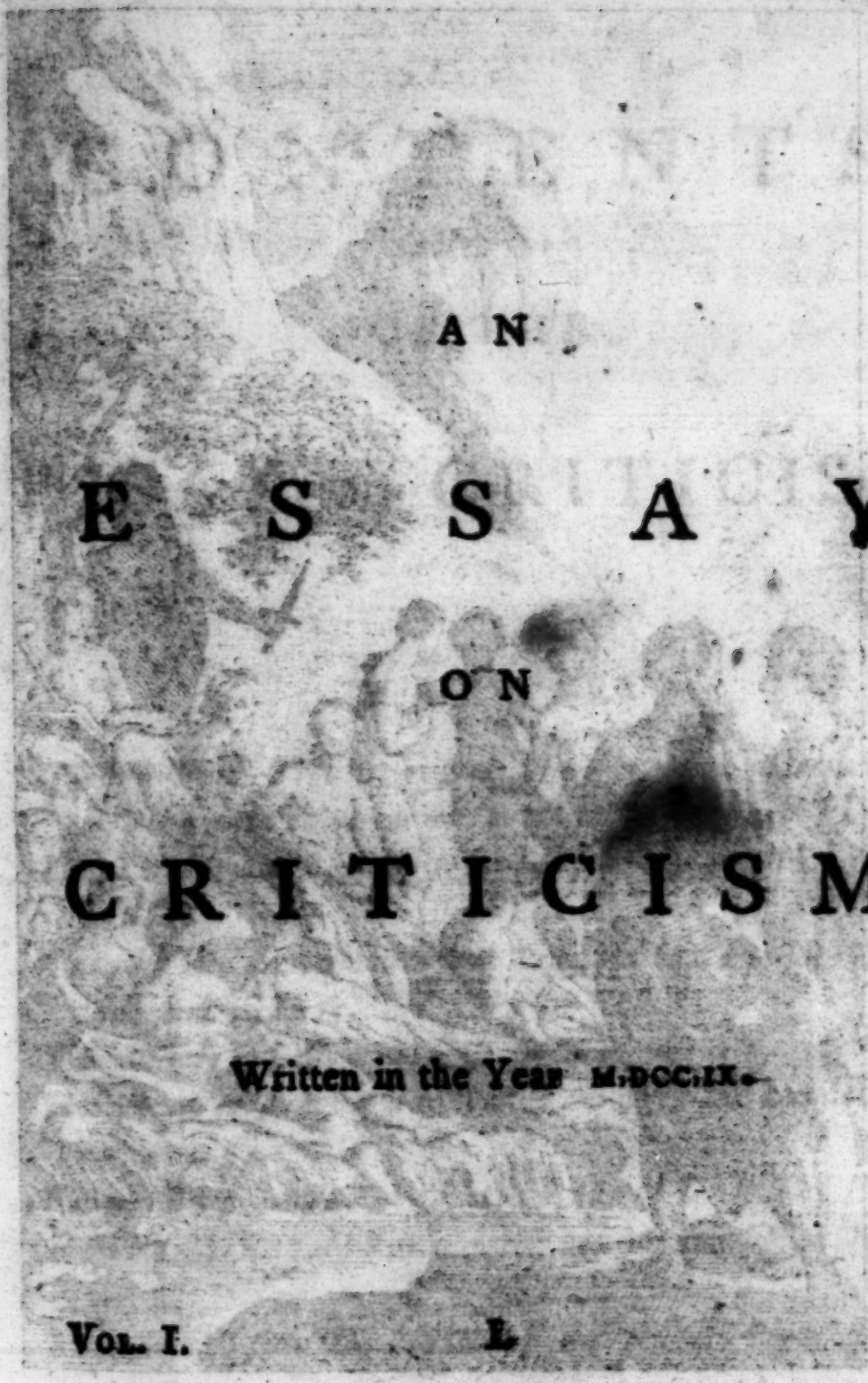
The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

Pl. III.



— He stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

Essay on Crit.



AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M.DCC.IX.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

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Cauſes hindering a true Judgment. 1. Pride, *ver.* 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, *ver.* 215. 3. *Judging by* parts, *and not by the* whole, *ver.* 233 *to* 288. *Critics in* Wit, Language, Verſification, *only*, 288. 305. 339, *etc.* 4. *Being too hard to pleaſe, or too apt to admire, ver.* 384. 5. Partiality—*too much love to a* Sect,—*to the* Ancients or Moderns, *ver.* 394. 6. Prejudice *or* Prevention, *ver.* 408. 7. Singularity, *ver.* 424. 8. Inconſtancy, *ver.* 430. 9. Party Spirit, *ver.* 452, *etc.* 10. Envy, *ver.* 466. *Againſt Envy and in praiſe of Good nature, ver.* 538, *etc.* *When Severity is chiefly to be uſed by Critics, ver.* 526, *etc.*

PART III. Ver. 560, *etc.*

Rules for the Conduct *and* Manners *in a Critic.* 1. Candour, *ver.* 563. Modeſty, *ver.* 566. Good breeding, *ver.* 572. Sincerity *and* Freedom *of advice, ver.* 578. 2. *When one's Counſel is to be reſtrained, ver.* 584. *Character of an* incorrigible Poet, *ver.* 600. *And of an* impertinent Critic, *ver.* 610, *etc.* *Character of a* good Critic, *ver.* 629. *The* Hiſtory *of* Criticiſm, *and Characters of the beſt Critics*, Ariſtotle, *ver.* 645. Horace, *ver.* 653. Dionyſius, *ver.* 665. Petronius, *ver.* 667. Quintilian, *ver.* 670. Longinus, *ver.* 675. *Of the Decay of Criticiſm, and its Revival.* Eraſmus, *ver.* 693. Vida, *ver.* 705. Boileau, *ver.* 714. *Lord* Roſcommon, *etc. ver.* 725. *Concluſion.*

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

An Essay] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first to [ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*: the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] prescribes the *Morals of the Critic*. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth Year of his age.

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others*] "Qui ſcribit artificioſe, ab "aliis commode ſcripta facile intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad Heren. lib.* iv. "De pictore, ſculptore, fictore, niſi artifex, judicare "non poteſt." Pliny.

VER. 20. *Moſt have the ſeeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu "ſine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ ſint in artibus ac rationibus, "recta et prava dijudicant." *Cic. de Orat. lib.* iii.

VER. 25. *So by falſe learning*] "Plus ſine doctrina prudentia, "quam ſine prudentia valet doctrina." Quint.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the Author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong.
Tutors like Virtuoſo's, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange tranſfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do.

In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd Witlings num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely crub'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid power of underſtanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, and vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

BRITISH
13 DE 81
MUSEUM

Plate XXIV.

Hail Bards triumphant! born in happier Days
Immortal Heas of universal Praise!
Oh may some Spark of your celestial Fire
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire!

Essay on Crit.

The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trode;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.

VER. 98. *Juſt precepts*] 'Nec enim artibus editis factum eſt "ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia antequam "præciperentur; mox ea ſcriptores obſervata et collecta edide-"runt." Quintil.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize*] The author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a Name,
Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of ſound Antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach
And which a maſter hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)

VER. 130. *When firſt young Maro, &c.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.

Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit.

When firſt young Maro ſung of Kings and Wars
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

It is a tradition preſerved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs: which he found above his years, and deſcended firſt to imitate Theocritus on rural ſubjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] "Neque enim roga-
"tionibus plebiſve ſcitis ſancta ſunt iſta præcepta, ſed hoc,
"quicquid eſt, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem ſic
"utile eſſe plerumque; verum ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſua-
"debit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magiſtrorum autoritatibus,
"ſequemur." Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13.

Some lucky Licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its End;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous, and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων.— Dion. Hal. *De ſtruct. orat.*

But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream,*] "Modeſte, et circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum eſt, ne (quod pleriſque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa diſplicere maluerim." Quint.

VER. 183. Secure from *flames*, from *envy's* fiercer rage,
Deſtructive *war*, and all involving *age*.] The Poet here alludes to the four great cauſes of the ravage amongſt ancient writings: The deſtruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire*; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus* and *Mævius* and their followers, againſt Wit; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the empire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Superſtition in the *cloiſters*.

(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!
Of all the Cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt biaſs rules,
Is PRIDE, the nev'r-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
Their ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,

VER. 225. So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,

Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The leſs'ning vales and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] "Diligenter legendum "eſt, ac pæne ad ſcribendi ſollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo "ſcrutanda ſunt omnia, ſed perlectus liber utique ex integro "reſumendus." Quint.

No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.

"Not ſo by Heav'n" (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort Ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *Conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for Dreſs:
Their Praiſe is ſtill,—the Style is excellent:
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.

VER. 299. "Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur: id facilli-
"me accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt." Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.

Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the Play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] "Abolita et abrogata "retinere, inſolentiæ cujuſdam eſt, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ." Quintil. lib. i. c. 6.

"Opus eſt, ut verba à vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint "neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec utique "ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſumma virtus "eſt perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat interprete? Ergo "ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime "nova." Idem.

VER. 328.— *unlucky as* Fungoſo, *etc.*] See Ben Johnſon's *Every Man in his Humour*.

And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by Numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her Voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"

VER. 337. *But moſt by numbers, etc.*]

Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Perſ. Sat. i.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] "Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4.

If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

VER. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain, etc.*]
Tum ſi læta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud ſurges, etc.*]
Tum longe ſale ſaxa ſonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax ſtrives, etc.*]
Atque ideo ſi quid geritur molimine magno, etc.
Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla, etc.*]
At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc.
Vida ib. 420.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dullneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;

VER. 374. *Hear how* Timotheus, *etc.*] See *Alexander's Feaſt, or the Power of Muſic*; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.

Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town:
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dullneſs joins with Quality.
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault.
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err:
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.

A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'er-ſpread;
Who knew moſt Sentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now, in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and ſecond-hand books were ſold formerly, near Smithfield.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakeſpear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in Anagrams their Patron praiſe,
Or ſing their Miſtreſs in Acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue:
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'its but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;

Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright Idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards, who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well:

Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join:
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dullness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:

The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licenſe of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their right diſpute,
Leſt GOD himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow, but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting ſops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which ſtood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his ſtricter judgment he could not but diſapprove on any People whatever.

But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a Critic on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true:
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-Breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremenduous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an Honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful Satires,
And flattery to fulſome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the World believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.

VER. 587. *And ſtares, tremenduous, etc*] This picture was taken to himſelf by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a Compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this *Abuſe* of his *Perſon*.

'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
and charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such ſhameleſs Bards we have: and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poets friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults — but when would Poets mend?

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving Author. Our Poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten.

No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

VER. 624. Between this and ver. 625.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat, and ſtrive to fly:
Theſe know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Between ver. 647 and 648. were the following lines, ſince ſuppreſt by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcov'ry's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all Nature was ſubdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
Poets, etc.

VER. 666 *See Dionyſius.*] Of Halicarnaſſus.

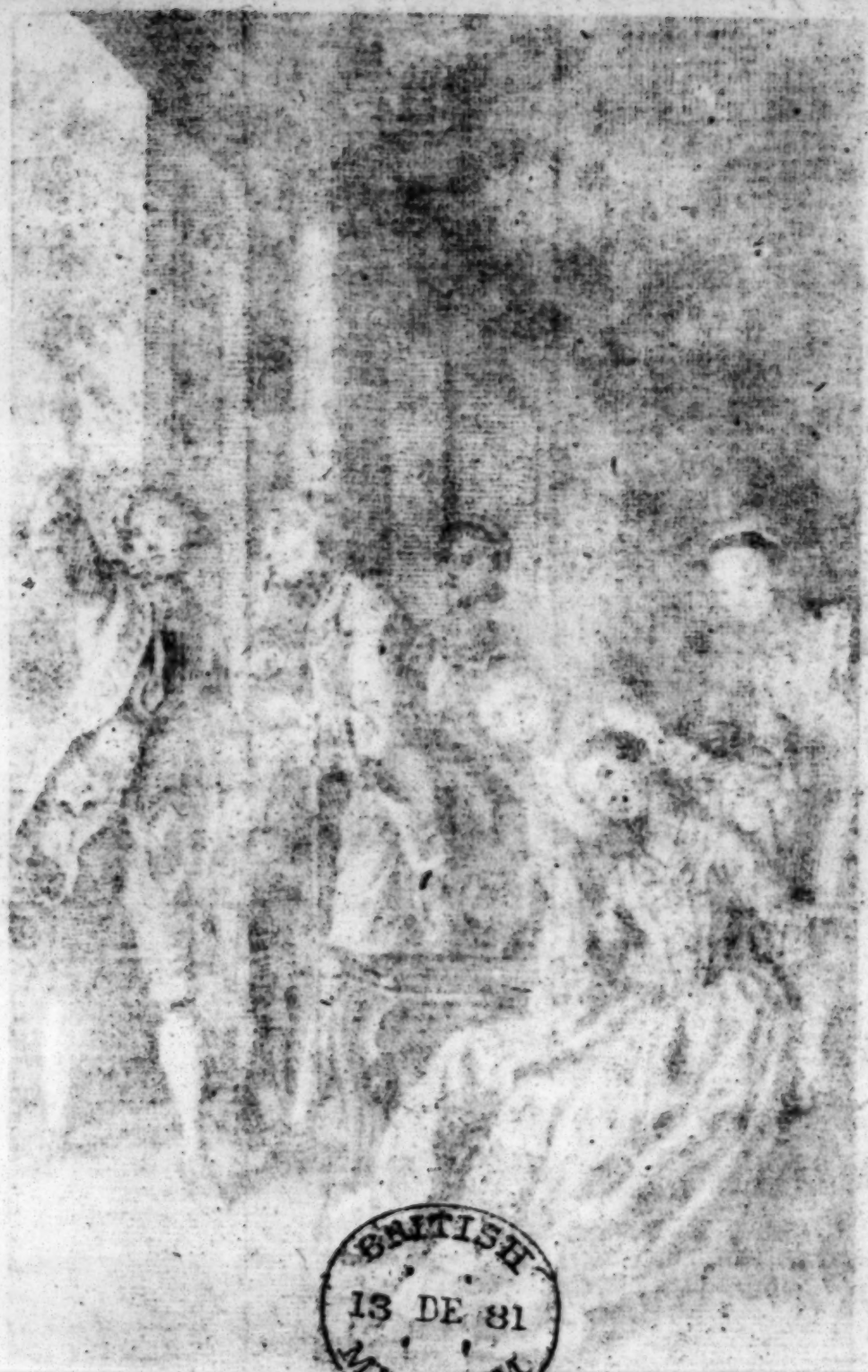
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.

Between ver. 691. and 692. the author omitted theſe two.

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licenſe to be proud.

At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive:
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walſh — the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of Cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.



BRITISH
13 DE 81
MUSEUM

Pl. IV.

Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twin,
The Victor cry'd, the glorious Prize is mine.

Rape of the Lock.

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

AN
HEROI-COMICAL
P O E M.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XII.

TO

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookſeller, you had the good nature for my ſake to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies: Let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicruſian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis ſo much the concern of a Poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicruſians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and ſize is

ſo like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in miſchief; but the Sylphs, whoſe habitation is in the Air, are the beſt conditioned creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Canto's, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous, as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end, (except the loſs of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human perſons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos!
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing — This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was riſen between two noble Families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Canto's only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received ſo well, that he made it more conſiderable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs,

Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle!
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage!

Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:

and extended it to five Canto's. We ſhall give the Reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto I. *ver.* 19, *etc.*

This inſertion he always eſteemed, and juſtly, the greateſt effort of his *ſkill* and *art* as a Poet.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the firſt Editions,

And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring ſouls in little Men?

VER. 13, *etc.* Stood thus in the firſt Edition,

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they:
Shock juſt had giv'n himſelf the rouſing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take:
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound.

VER. 19. *Belinda ſtill, etc.*] All the verſes from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

VER. 20. *Her Guardian Sylph.*] The Roſicruſian Syſtem, on which the Machinery of this Poem is founded, is a ſort of Theo-

'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moon light ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.

logical philoſophy made up of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, and the Jewiſh Cabbala. It was the invention of the fanatic Alchemiſts in their ſearch after the grand ſecret. The French tract intitled, *Le Comte de Gabalis*, from which, as our Author tells us in his dedication, he took the hint of this Syſtem, was publiſh'd in 1671 by the Abbé Villiers, and is a very ingenious piece of raillery on that phantaſtical Sect. From this Book our Author has not taken any circumſtances relating to the *Gnomes* or *Sylphs*, but only the general idea of their exiſtance; and to fit them the more to his purpoſe, he has artfully accommodated the Legendary Tales of Fairies and Guardian Angels to the *Roſicruſian Syſtem*.

Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And Love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
To their firſt Elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.

VER. 54, 55. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
Virg. Æn. vi.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes, and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires;
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star,
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend;
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtic order laid.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The tranſlation of theſe verſes, containing the deſcription of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deſerve, for their humour, to be here inſerted.

Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in menſa, quæ ſplendet pyxide denſa:

Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.

Tum primum lympha, ſe purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque ſine menda, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Hæc ſtupet explorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devota, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſta tranſpirat Arabia ciſta;
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
His figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidiſſima *Letty!*
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoiſe here, and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows.
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver'd Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the boſom*] From hence the poem continues in the firſt Edition, to ver 46.

The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air;

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curles, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this 'ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love — to Love an Altar built
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breaths three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long poſſeſs the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. Æn. xi.

BRITISH
13 DE 81
MUSEUM

Pl. V.

Unnumber'd Throngs on every Side are seen,—
Of Bodys chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.

Rape of the Lock.

While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waſt on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew;
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
Ye know the Spheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt Æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the Britiſh Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows, e'er they drop in ſhow'rs,
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.

Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale,
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take — and ſometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

VER. 1. *Cloſe by thoſe meads,*] The firſt Edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted laſt.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom:
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in Majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of a Toilet ceaſe*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added ſince the firſt Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd.

Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Clubs black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mein, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unweildy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this deſcription of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's deſcription of a game at Cheſs, in his poem intitled, *Scacchia Ludus.*

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace:
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.

VER. 101.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!

Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons are crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!

But when to Miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:

Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit. Virg.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the firſt Edition continues to ver. 134.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid. Metam. viii.

So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair:
And thrice they twich'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and, with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;

VER. 134. In the first Edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock; then joins it, to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head for ever and for ever. ver. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head for ever and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While Nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments like men ſubmit to fate!

VER. 152. *But airy ſubſtance*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut aſunder by the Angel Michael.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluviosque dum piſcis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.
Virg.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of Court, and Party ſcandal: and in a looſe effeminacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, which well ſuited the debauched Taſte of the better vulgar.

Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

VER. 177.

Ille quoque everſus mons eſt, etc.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive Nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers rob'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin, for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

VER. 1. At regina gravi, etc. Virg. Æn. iv.

VER. 11. *For, that ſad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, that deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, are not in the firſt Edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe,

While her rack'd Soul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

And continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto.

Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mein,
Shows in her cheeks the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks*,] See Hom. Iliad. xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *And there a Gooſe-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of diſtinction imagin'd herſelf in this condition.

Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare!
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe;
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.

But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid:

For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court-theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid;
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In alluſion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. 1.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo; He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.*] Theſe two lines are additional, and aſſign the cauſe of the different operation on the Paſſions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that diſtinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto.

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend, what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel, been content to ſeize
Hairs-leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move, when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good-ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!

VER. 7. *Then grave Clariſſa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the ſubſequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſe-wife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and touch whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſs and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.

VER. 35. *So ſpoke the Dame,*] It is a verſe frequently repeated in Homer after any ſpeech,

So ſpoke — and all the Heroes applauded.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the firſt Edition goes on to the Concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

No common weapon in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage:
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Wit!ing periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing" — was his laſt.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before mentioned.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulyſſes with the Suitors in Odyſſ. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

VER. 64. *Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown:
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor. Ov. Ep.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vide Homer Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] Theſe two lines added for the above reaſon.

(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.

VER. 89. *The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,*] In imitation of the progreſs of Agamemnon's ſceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

VER. 114. *Since all things loſt*] Vide Arioſto, Canto xxiv.

There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.

But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.

This the Beau monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;

VER. 128.
Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem
Stella micat. Ovid.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem.

VER. 137. *This Partridge ſoon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the Engliſh.

And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade!
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verſes to a Lady deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery compared with Mr Pope's Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 206. quarto Edition. She ſeems to be the ſame perſon whoſe unfortunate death is the ſubject of this poem.

Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away.
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier,
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful reſts without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. ADDISON's Tragedy

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And while Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:

No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees his act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend:*] Mr. Pope had written it *ariſe:* But Addiſon thought the expreſſion too daring, and would have it altered to, *attend.*

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE's JANE SHORE.

Deſigned for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How-ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear?"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.

The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City.
There, many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face:
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'ſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand;
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe?
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are born,
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!

Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame:
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd,
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:

No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?
My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Leſbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian Nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt:
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?

No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears;
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid,
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When I firſt heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th'impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,

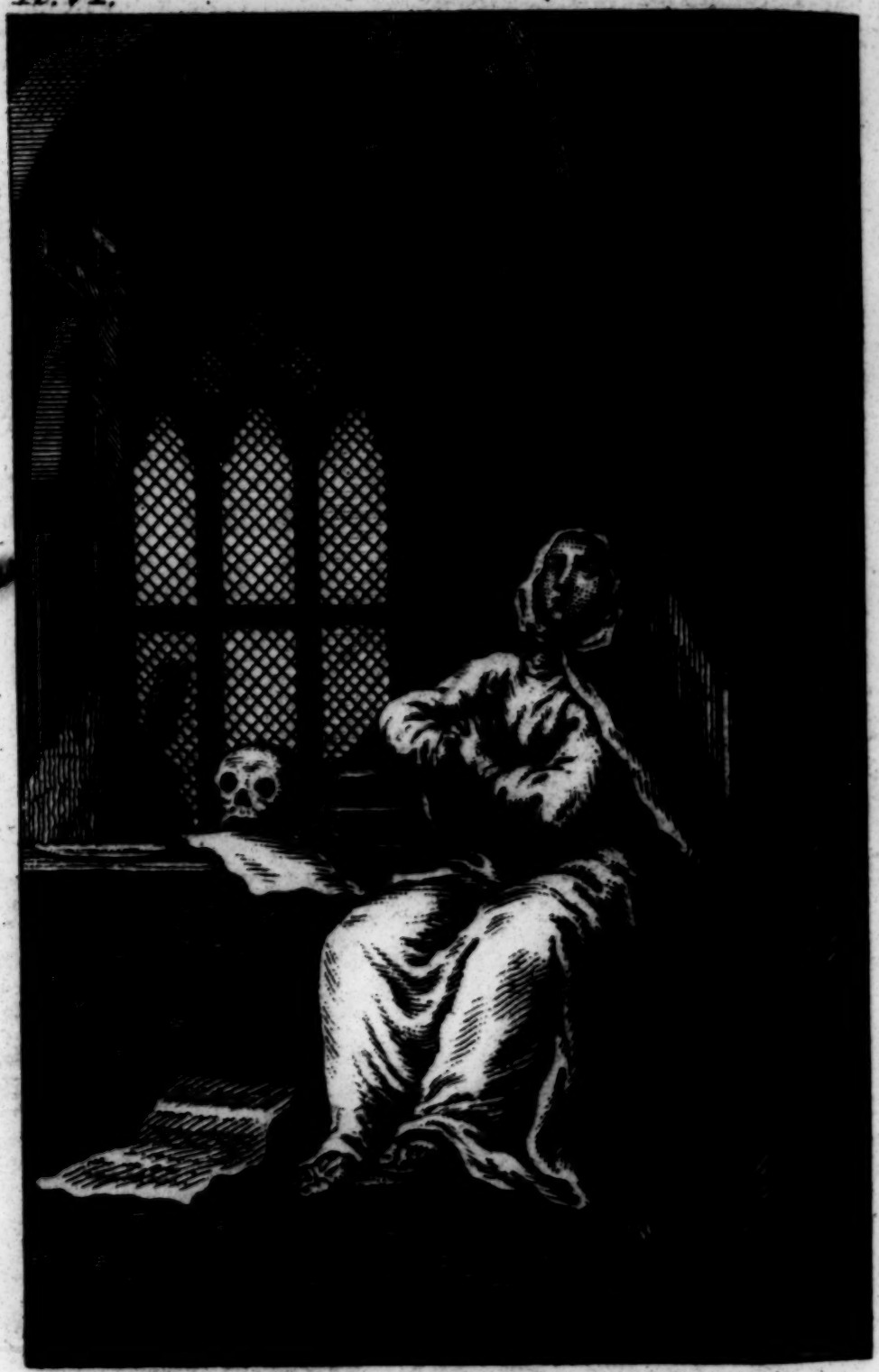
My woes thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes, give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging rooſs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;

I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:
A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd.
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.

I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires;
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below:
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! can'ſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell,
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;

My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe,
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign:
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires;
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

Pl. VI.



Ah Wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.
El. to Ab.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloïsa flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid-thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.

Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move;
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made!
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

VER. 65. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

VER. 75.

Love will not be confin'd by Maiſterie:
When Maiſterie comes the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings and forthwith is he gone. Chaucer.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewel?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe!
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd:
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.

VER. 133. *You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls*;] He founded the Monaſtery.

No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here bribe'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light!
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?

Unequal taſk, a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine!
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget?
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd but rapt; not waken'd but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

VER, 212. *Obedient ſlumbers, etc.*] Taken from Craſhaw.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake: no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear, where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;

Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:

" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeat bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er:
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell!
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, ſhe in 1163.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertiſement.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth, for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried, by his early Bent to *Poetry*, to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of Engliſh Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having alſo got into Miſcellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.

BRITISH
13 DE 81
MUSEUM

Pl. VII.

Millions of Suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
And boasting Youth, & narrative Old Age.

Temple of Fame.

THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME.

Written in the Year M,DCC,XI.

Advertiſement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes;

VER. 1. *In that ſoft ſeaſon, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From thoſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionſi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of Exordium.

VER. 11. etc.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,

In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.

Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
And now unneth great beſtes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſees.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

It ſtood upon ſo high a rock;
Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—
What manner ſtone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glaſs,
But that it ſhone full more clere;
But of what congel'd matere
It was, I niſte redily;
But at the laſt eſpied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ice, and not of ſtele.

Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:

VER. 31. *Inſcriptions here, etc.*]
Tho' ſaw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Ther names by, for out of drede
They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men ſaid, what may ever laſt.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.*]
Tho' gan I in myne harte caſt,
That they were molte away for hate,
And not away with ſtormes beate.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.*]
For on that other ſide I ſey
Of that hill which north wardley,

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt!
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years,
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:

How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As freſh as men had written hem there
The ſelf day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiſte what it made;
It was conſerved with the ſhade
(All the writing that I ſye)
Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
That heate might it not deface.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The Temple is deſcribed to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appeared
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,

the diffcrent quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The weſtern front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are after mentioned, were the firſt names of old Greece in arms and arts.

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of Farneſe.

The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand;
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes:
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Ægypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Perſian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Perſian, as Ninus was of the Aſſyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaſter) employed their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the ancient Aſian people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chineſe, who lived about two thouſand years ago.

VER. 110. *Egypt's prieſts, etc.*] The learning of the old Ægyptian Prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: they alſo preſerved the Hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt Hero upon record is Seſoſtris, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is ſaid to have cauſed the Kings he vanquiſhed to draw him in his

Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung),
And youths that died to be by Poets ſung.

Chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; Zamolxis was the diſciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legiſlator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers, that during thoſe trances he received inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue.

Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.

Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſhed on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions.

VER. 132. *The wall in luſtre, etc.*]

It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind thing of Fame is.

High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minerva's, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the god-like Socrates:

VER. 152. *The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd*;] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Aſian Princes: his deſire to be thought the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, cauſed him to wear the horns of that God, and to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood*;] Timoleon had ſav'd the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell.
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire:
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Ariſtides, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſhed him by the Oſtraciſm, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to Ariſtides to do it for him, who readily ſigned his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midſt of the temple, neareſt the throne of Fame, are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe are deſcribed in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters: the columns on which they are raiſed are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, etc.
Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſex Saturnine,
The Ebraike Joſephus the old, etc.
Upon an iron pillere ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tiger's blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, etc.

High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;

VER. 182.]
Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, etc.

VER. 196, etc.]
There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Æneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
That hath ſown wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—
Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full ſternly,
The great poet Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhoulders bore up then

Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.

As hye as that I might ſee,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere ſtode
Of ſulphur, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, etc.

VER. 210. *Four ſwans, etc.*] Pindar being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The ſwans are emblems of Poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.*] This expreſſes the mix'd character of the odes of Horace; the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a paſſage in the fourth ode of his third book.

Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre: mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et urſis; ut premerer ſacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non ſine Diis animoſus infans.

Which may be thus engliſhed;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in a deſart ſleeping lay;
The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muſes' future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me ſpread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Muſic and to Love.

The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work out-laſting monumental Braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves, that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazling light,
State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye;
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Vista's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long iles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listn'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;

VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.*]

Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed be;
But thus soone in a while she,
Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the earth reight,
And with her head she touchyd heaven—

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.*]

I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung,
So sung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke—

With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays;
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.

VER. 276. *Around theſe wonders, etc.*]

I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Againſt her time of outflying;
Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
For all the world it ſeemed me.
Tho' gan I look about and ſee
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of ſundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, etc.

Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
  Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with mid-night vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
  The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

VER. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd, etc.*]
And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
And ſome ſhe granted the contrair—
Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
Is wont to ſerve in commune.

Next theſe, the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another crowd
Prefer the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;

VER. 318. *the good and juſt, etc.*]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And ſaiden: We ben everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deſerved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we liſt
That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
Right in deſpite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a baſket full of roſes—

VER. 328, 338. *behold another crowd, etc.— From the black trumpet's ruſty, etc.*

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye

The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtrait the direful trump of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.

Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Tooke out his trump of braſs,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan this trump for to blowe,
As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,
Swift, as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne
And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—etc.

Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien:
Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!

VER. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.*]

I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke?
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne:
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What quoth she, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folkes workes by rote,
That all the world may of it heare!
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the soune,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That their fame was blown aloft.

But ſafe in deſerts from th'applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's ſake.

And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To furtheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

Next theſe, a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;

VER. 378. *Next theſe a youthful train, etc.*] The Reader might compare theſe twenty-eight lines following, which contain the ſame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the ſixth companye,
And gan faſt to Fame cry, etc.

being too prolix to be here inſerted.

Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the Fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Strait the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bi ter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are hea:d, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the crowd.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;

VER. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, etc.*]
Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, etc.

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th'immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;

VER. 418. *This having heard and ſeen, etc.*] The Scene here changes from the temple of Fame, to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho' ſaw I ſtonde in a valley,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent—
And eke this houſe hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In ſummer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene,
A thouſand holes and well mo
To letten the ſoune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide
And by night each one unſhet:
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place.

With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no leſs than one hundred and twenty verſes, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wotteſt well this, etc.

There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents, ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of Fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations
Of eſtates and eke of regions,
Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*]
But ſuch a grete Congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roame about,
Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to night now?

Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Apologers, that future fates foreſhew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With homeborn lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travel'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lyes are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.

No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, etc.
—— Thus north and ſouth,
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreaſing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lye and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lye;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?

VER. 489. *There, at one paſſage, etc.*]

And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, etc.

VER. 497. *While thus I ſtood, etc.*] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the Addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only anſwers, "he came to ſee the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurprized at the ſight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

January and May:

OR THE

MERCHANT's TALE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace.
Yet, led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This Tranſlation was done at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of Age.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.

Let not the wife theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed;

As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o'th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mold them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
O were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in every part.
Think not my virtue loſt tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.

He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wond'rous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.

Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But with the wiſeman's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your old advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:

Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With rev'rend dulneſs and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philoſophic frown, began.
A heathen author of the firſt degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Senſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles, and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in woman kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and thank your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And ſpight of all his praiſes muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.

Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear;
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in Age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair;
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way: —
What does my friend, my dear Placebo ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue bleſt;
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what Nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:
And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines aver'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a hair;

Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better chear;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The Old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide
And plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.

The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight:
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong:
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:

Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure, ſhone in every face
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,

Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,

Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:

But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if antient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled thro' the ſhade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)

For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May.
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure?
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit;
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
For oh, 'twas fixt; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.

Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain,
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thiſbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do;
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing thro' a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
He rais'd his ſpouſe e'er Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung:

Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes:
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſt fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian ſtrait a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs rob me of delight.

Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays, his light, by heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs thoſe heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
Heav'n knows (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:

First may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And fingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.
'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
This, with a frown the King beſpoke his Queen:
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:

But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;
Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
What tho' this ſland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;

And witneſs next what Roman Authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.
By heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhould ſee:
It muſt be done—I am a King, ſaid he,

And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen;
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make,
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;

Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall;
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind,
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there!
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd;
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind;
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a Man upon a Tree?

Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love?
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
So heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd.
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:

Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight:
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE of BATH, HER PROLOGUE. FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have born a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Huſbands from the Church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the ſcripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
Encreaſe and multiply, was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame Apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:

Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny:
But, by your leave, Divines, ſo am not I.
Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted Maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n;
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.
Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.
Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lye ſo boldly as we women can:

Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry, wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:

But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lyes.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:

" Take all the freedoms of a married life;
" I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.
The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhew her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay, and thus you do,
I told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mixt;
Then kiſs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.

" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure, as cold ingenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;
Wine let's no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantick jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew,
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh Prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
It ſo befel in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down.

This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy maſquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay,
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array:
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtrait ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have ſhown:
All this I ſaid; but dream, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bids me tell this lye—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.

Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign,
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once by heav'n he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.

He, againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And choſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he ſay, who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's proverbs, Eloïſa's loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs,
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.

Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Sampſon fell; and he whom Dejanire,
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytæmneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And huſband-bull—oh monſtrous! fie for ſhame!
He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
Rain follows thunder, that was all he ſaid.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.

Then how two wives their lord's deſtruction prove
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd:
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face.
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;

Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now heav'n on all my huſbands gone, beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the year M,DCC,III.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocaſta; put out his own eyes, and reſign'd the realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tiſiphone, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus King of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the ſhades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters ſhould be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that god. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality: The ſacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood. But finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

FRaternal rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The ſire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,

And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conqu'ring eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove,
In youthful arms t'aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Encreaſe of glory to the Latian name!
Oh bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio, wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how with hills of ſlain on ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;

Ver. 65. *Or how the youth.*] Parthenopæus.

Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coaſts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire!
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;

Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their childrens children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;
But at the ſummons, roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Thro' crowds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:

To th' iron gates of Tænarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies:
The day beheld, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,

A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round:
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds,
Strait with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries:
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay:
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roof with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage:—
Say, to what end your impious arms engage.
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey.

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble minds delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign!
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear!
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offſpring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in Boeotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,

Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' un'rival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we, a vile, ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate.
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.

Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The majeſty of heav'n ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an aweful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the god.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day.

When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe:
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood:
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Oedipus, juſt heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging thunderer in arms.

I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoróneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where ſhining in celeſtial charms
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves, may prove,
Ah why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;

No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rites tranſfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe; and canſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete that boaſts the tomb of Jove!
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdom ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee:

On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply.
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, tho' juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our ſuperior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.
Haſte then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air:
Go mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the further ſtrand:
Let the pale fire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:

VER. 399. *with ſuch ſons as thoſe.*] Eteocles and Polynices.

Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate:
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers thro' air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Mean time the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly;
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.

The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd; ſleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, deſcending thro' the ſilent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcatt'ring ſhades of night;

From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky:
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſhrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily ſhow'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken light'nings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmoaks with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain-ground
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born,
The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by ſtorms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.

Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boöte's golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage, with his toils increas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.

To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—" Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
" A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Thro' the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
'Till led by fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The King ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the fight, and fix'd with deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd Oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
'Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
O thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!
Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each alter lies,
The relicks of a former ſacrifice.
The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſtave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at aweful diſtance, wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear,
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,

Which Danaüs us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' etherial height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libations ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's aweful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Tranſfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſt,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the god was born;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;

For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies,
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t'avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our childrens blood.
The crowd in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſs'd be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,

Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air;
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt un-offending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;

For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his antient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame!
Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithleſs Syrtes, and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.
Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountains, thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,

'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T'excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous off-ſpring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
Whether the ſtyle of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields, to ſow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

From the NINTH Book of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies.
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,

DRYOPE.] Upon the Occaſion of the Death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who anſwers with a relation of thoſe of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her ſiſter Dryope, which is the ſubject of the enſuing Fable.

Andræmon lov'd: and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a god, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.
Not diſtant far, a watry Lotos grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian die:
Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the Nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;

She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtills a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in ſighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual Innocence our lives we led:

If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when his firſt infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh, let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe farewell!
If in your breaſts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing ſteel.
Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands: the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the Nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH BOOK of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the ſylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The god whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.
To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears:
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temple ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.

A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver heirs;
Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
"Whoſe charms as far all other Nymphs out-ſhine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow.)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An Elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What Nymph could e'er attract ſuch crowds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaurs arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,

A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age, and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above,
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſt)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides, he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleaſures are the ſame:
To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
(A pleaſing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values theſe; but yet (alas) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;

You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs.

But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke.

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhiller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry,
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eſt between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur, (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound:
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:

There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building-town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY ſinging to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threatned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he;
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.

Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flow'ry Treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flouret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.

Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream,
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And were a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
  Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
  Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
  Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
  Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
  Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
  'Twas *S' il vous plaiſt*, *Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:

Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A larger Concordance, bound long ſince:
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays——if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor S—t.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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